

No More Moves

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No More Moves

by [sexyhandsomejack](#)

Summary

The wrathful Bejeweled announcer has had enough of Mr. Toffee destroying his empire, and deals with him the only way he knows how. But can these two set aside their differences and find a spark of something more in between two lands of shattered gems and broken candies?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

He awakens to darkness.

Is this death? No, there is far too much pain for this to be the sweetness of death. He feels the dried blood caked against his skull, plastering down his hair, like frosting smeared across a cupcake wrapper.

“What do you want with me?” he asks into the darkness.

When there comes no answer, he reaches out and feels the walls of the room around him. Small, rectangular. Much like the rooms in his own palace, but with this familiarity comes the fear of realization; to awaken in his own palace means he is a king, but to awaken in any other means he is a dead man.

“What do you want with me?” he asks again, screaming into the shadows.

There appears before him a pinprick of light. It is the purest light he has ever seen, and it twinkles before him, grows larger, radiates its luminescence outwards until it nearly blinds him. He shields his eyes with his hand, squinting to watch as the light takes a form... the form of a jewel.

Then, finally, there comes an answer. It seems as if the voice comes from everywhere at once. It speaks from the walls, the floor, the very air around him. It speaks into his thoughts and takes hold of him like a dream.

“You have taken my realm,” it says. The jewel dims for just a moment, like an angry eye glaring at him. “You have encroached upon my land with your greed, taken my people, and destroyed my kingdom.”

“No,” he pleads, his body trembling in fear. “I meant no such harm.”

“Liar.”

He backs away from the blinding light, shaking his head as if he might dissuade his persecutor. But what is there, truly, to say? The people *did* flee to his land; they made their homes there, built up his kingdom, and left behind their old faiths for that of modern commerce. He was the piper calling them in troves to do his bidding; he had his reasons. “Our lands were torn apart,” he confesses. “The Chosen One, the little girl, she came to save us. She came to set right what had been wrong. If the people found salvation in following her, it was not because I made them do so.”

The light dims again, this time seeming thoughtful.

He dares himself to breathe. Perhaps there is a chance to reason.

“What is your name?” the voice demands.

“Toffee,” he forces out. His heart is pounding in his chest. Why did not simply lie? No, he knew that would be useless. “Mr. Toffee, to the girl. To the people.”

The jewel edges closer, and in its glistening reflection he can see the mess his face has become. He's swollen, beaten, bloodied. His white skin is streaked with red rivulets of blood, like a peppermint candy. His eyelids are as blue and puffy as a gum drop. His monocle is missing, and the vision in his right eye is so poor that he may as well be looking out through a lens of cotton candy. And his hat... his precious hat... is lying crushed on the floor. Silently, the tears flood up into his burning eyes.

"Once, the people proved themselves to me."

"Yes," he agrees, surprised to hear the earnestness in his own voice, "they prove themselves to me, too."

"They prove themselves to your treasury," it growls. "They follow the girl like a prophet, yet she leads them nowhere. They will follow her, and never stop. My lands are left abandoned and wasted, and I am left forgotten."

"The world moves on," he says, sooner than he can think to stop himself.

Blinding, crystalline light flares. It burns.

"That it does," agrees the voice. It inches closer, surrounds him. Then, dropping down to a whisper, it speaks directly into his ear. It asks, "And what would you do to rejoin it?"

He can't stop the sudden sob that comes spilling out of his mouth like overflowing popcorn. "Anything," he begs, feeling disgusted at his own weak, worthless pleading. He feels himself unraveling into the coward he is, the coward he has always known himself to be. "Please, don't kill me. I'll do anything."

The voice laughs. It's a sick, twisted sound, one that conjures up feelings inside of him as if he'd just reached into the bottom of a Cracker Jack box and pulled out the decaying corpse of a rat. "Prove yourself to me," it commands, shaking the floor. The sound is like a thousand gems rattling against one another, vibrating in the air. "Prove yourself to me like in the times of old."

He swallows down the lump in his throat. "How?" he asks.

He shouldn't have to ask how. Suddenly there comes the sound of challenge music, and he awaits the appearance of a warrior's wall of gems, of candy, of fruit... of anything. He sits up on his heels and gets ready to do what he has forced so many others to do... he gets ready to swipe.

The wall does not appear. Instead, as he sits there on his heels, leaning forward, ready to do what he must, there is only the small green nub of the score bar settled beneath him by the floor.

And that is when he understands.

"No," he croaks.

"Go," demands the voice.

The tears spring to his eyes again, overflowing this time and running down his dirtied cheeks. He tries to shake his head again to disagree, but all he can do is choke back the sudden sickness churning in his stomach. He peels off his white gloves and leans forward.

For a second he hopes he is so very wrong, that this isn't what the voice intends for him to do- but then he breaths hotly over the green stub of the score bar, and the voice rumbles in anticipation.

Weakly, he wets his lips. Then he sticks his tongue out further, and licks a slow stripe up the base of the green nub to its tip. The score nub immediately grows longer, reaching out towards him. He licks it again, leaving a wet trail of saliva along its length. He does it over and over, and soon the green bar has grown far enough that it rests impatiently against his lips.

He takes it into his mouth like candy.

The voice moans in pleasure. "Excellent," it groans.

He sucks it hard. Bobs his head back and forth, uses his tongue to swirl around the tip of the score bar like it's an ice cream cone. It's growing back into his mouth, unrelenting even as he moves backwards. Soon he's backed up against the wall, the green bar forcing itself past his molars and into the hot wet heat of his throat. He presses his eyes shut and wills himself not to gag. It's like trying to suck down the world's biggest jawbreaker, but instead of it being tasty, it's cold and hard and bitter.

The bar presses in just a bit further, allowing itself to feel the spasmed clenching of that tight wetness as Toffee gags. Finally it withdraws, just enough to pull itself out from between the man's lips. A thick trail of saliva dangles between the bar and his tongue.

"Good," the voice says deeply, sounding rough with pleasure. "Now, take down your pants."

He does, and an instant later the voice is commanding him to wrap his legs around the green bar. He's nearly unable to do it, but when he finally balances himself on his back and locks his knees around the bar, the bar begins to rub itself along his naked cock.

He hisses and bites his swollen lip. It shouldn't feel good. It's wrong, he knows, but the bar is now hot and lubricated with his spit, and maybe it's a combination of the sensation along with his desire to feel any kind of comfort at all right now, but his once-limp cock flags to attention under the heavy weight of the bar.

"How does it feel?" the voice asks. Its tone is strange now, a bit softer than it had been before.

He lets his head fall backwards as the bar rubs back and forth under the slit of his leaking cockhead. "Divine," he pants.

"Open yourself," it says.

He panics for a moment, but no sooner does he begin to worry than a small orb of liquid light appears beside him. He dares to reach out and touch it; its swirling mass is warm, and when he dips his fingers into it, they come away covered in radiant ooze.

He unbuttons his jacket and shirt and lets them fall free around his shoulders. This must please the voice, for the bar begins to rub higher now, up along his cock and then up to his chest, shifting here or there to rub his exposed nipples.

He trails a hand down, past the red patch of hair nestled around his balls, and dips down between his ass cheeks. There, he fingers himself until he finds the pucker of his asshole. The feeling of his fingertips covered in the hot ooze is delicious, he thinks, and he circles them there for a moment before breaching himself.

The voice exhales in appreciation. "Spectacular," it says, watching him slip the first finger inside of himself. The bar picks up its pace, rubbing at his cock and nipples more enthusiastically.

He adds a second finger, stretching and scissoring himself. When he'd first awoken to this place, he'd wanted nothing more than to escape- alive or otherwise- but now he found that all he wanted was to be stuffed full like a birthday piñata.

He pulls his fingers out only briefly, adds more of the bright ooze to them, and then shoves three fingers into himself, straight up to the knuckles. He begins panting, gasping little, 'oh oh oh's as he works himself until his asshole is gaping open.

"Enough," the voice gasps. "You are prepared to prove yourself, once and for all."

He steadies himself... but nothing could have prepared him for the sharp pain of the green bar breaching him. It slides in slowly, but it's so incredibly big... so thick...

...he thinks he must be screaming as it peels him open, but he's lost under the fire of it melting him from the inside out.

Thankfully, blissfully, it stops for a moment, lets him adjust to the massive intrusion. He makes the mistake of opening his eyes, looks down between his legs. "Oh God," he sobs, staring at the green bar penetrating his impossibly stretched anus. He can feel something manic rising up inside of his chest, clawing at his mind, tearing apart the last of his sanity. But then the bar begins to move... and it hits something inside of him that makes hot sugar rush through his bloodstream.

The pleasure of the green bar striking his sweet spot is nearly too much to handle. He screams again, collapses against the floor. The bar begins to fuck him in earnest, knocking him against the wall with each steady thrust. And each time, it hits that spot over and over again.

He growls, scrabbles against the floor, scratches his nails against the unseen stones beneath him. Before he realizes it he's pushing back, meeting it thrust for thrust, fucking it just as much as it's fucking him. He looks up, licks his lips slowly and deliberately, and uses what

strength he has left to flip himself over onto his hands and knees. He braces himself against the wall and lets go completely, howling as the bar continues to fuck deep inside of him.

The sweet heat coiling in his groin suddenly grows hot, becomes boiling, and then he's screaming out a litany of *yes yes yes* and *oh fuck I'm gonna sugar crush* as ribbons of salty-sweet spunk explode from his dick and splatter against the wall.

The voice isn't far behind him, coming undone as it gives a half dozen final hard thrusts. Then the walls shake once again, and the voice bellows out a mighty '*Extraordinary!*' as it cums. Green goo jets forward out of the tip of the score bar, flooding his ass with a glowing slime that overflows from his abused asshole and leaks down his trembling thighs.

For a moment, it is quiet.

The score bar, now empty, begins to recede. It disappears halfway, then stops.

Still panting, Toffee props himself up, and waits.

He feels his mouth go dry. He's a complete mess, covered in both his own ejaculate and the voice's, and he feels terribly awkward. He knows he should feel afraid, but the green goo bubbling out of his helplessly loosened asshole is too much of a distraction. He tries to cover himself with his jacket and hoist up his pants, but suddenly the empty bar is there again, nudging him gently.

"No more moves," the voice says quietly.

He thinks he should argue. And for a second he opens his mouth to do just that... but then suddenly he feels something strange under himself. It's not the cold press of a stone floor, but rather the warm sands of a beach. He smells fresh air, hears bird song. He squints, for the darkness has suddenly given way to light; in the distance, there is an eternal, peaceful dusk. The music of the land is soft and enchanting.

He lays down, and the bar slides timidly beside him. It's almost a question. And he knows he shouldn't... he really knows he shouldn't... but he just can't help himself. Toffee wraps his arms around the bar, and together, they sleep.

End Notes

HIGH SCORE

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